



The Student's Pen

December, 1933



The Student's Pen

December, 1933

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Photo by Robert Browne '34

BERKSHIRE BEAUTIES

EDITORIALS



STUDENT'S PEN CONTEST

IN commemoration of the fortieth birthday of THE STUDENT'S PEN, established on the seventh of December, 1893, the PEN Club of 1933 has originated a literary contest, in which prizes—two handsome loving cups—will be awarded to those students who submit the best story and the best poem. This contest will include all material published by THE PEN from the September issue to the April issue. The contest is open to all students of the school. We believe that this contest will stimulate interest in, and improve the literary endeavors of the Pittsfield High School. If it accomplishes this aim, it will have succeeded in its purpose; for any improvement in the literary work of the school, means a corresponding improvement in the merit of our literary department. To judge this contest we have appointed Mr. Edward McKenna of the English department, Mr. Edward Russell, head of the Science department, and Miss Margaret Kaliher of the History department.

NEVER REPEAL ATHLETICS

DO you want a tennis court? Do you want an athletic field? Do you want to see basketball games free of charge? One can just see the incredulous smiles coming over the faces of the students as they read this article; nevertheless, these additions to our athletic facilities are possibilities which can be made actualities if the student body of the Pittsfield High School will only cooperate.

Recently a special assembly was held in which we were told of the financial straits of athletics in the school. The Senior A class very opportunely pledged themselves to support their own N. R. A. (Never Repeal Athletics) and this policy was soon followed by the other organized classes of the school. For two weeks we received excellent contributions to the nickel collection—but since then the amount of money received has constantly decreased. This means that quite a few of the members of this school who pledged themselves to support athletics in the high school have fallen down to the disgrace of their class. Why? Is the vaunted Pittsfield High School spirit a quality to be built up only by oratory or is it a stable characteristic, a tradition?

That question is to be answered by the individual. If the sixty dollar a week collection had continued, it would not have been very long before the dreams of tennis courts, an athletic field, and new gym equipment would have become realities. The question is up to the individual: Do you want more athletic facilities or don't you?



COINCIDENTAL CHRISTMAS

THE SNOW fell gently and caressingly on the campus at Yale. The aged, ivy-covered buildings seemed like dark specters floating in a translucent mist. The white powder sifted down in a quiet hush; December was in a mild mood and covered the earth with a soft blanket of purest silk. In the half light of evening it seemed to be inviting rest and repose. The world was calm and quiet. Yale was deserted, deserted except for the appearance of one light high up in the Dorms. Odd, the sight of that one light on the otherwise black mass of stone. Behind the window from which the light came stood Jeff Ackison. He was alone and quite uneasy, not being the type of person who gleaned solace from an open fire; nor was he the genus of student for whom books are companions. He was utterly alone unless other beings were with him.

He reflected, as he looked down on the deserted ground below him, that the most awful punishment that could ever be inflicted upon Jeff Ackison in this world would be solitary confinement of one type or another. He was not now separated from his fellows through any choice of his own; he was a victim of circumstance. Ever since Thursday Yale men had been leaving for home—and Christmas celebrations with their families. But he was here at the college unable to have the happy experience of "Goin' Home" simply because he had wagered his traveling money on the Princeton game. He had been so certain that night at Kappa that the team would come through, but they hadn't, and he had had to pay over his money to Gerry Hastings. It had taken practically his last cent. Now he had to spend Christmas week with nothing much more cheerful than a group of ghostly buildings. Thank goodness he had sent the presents for the family before the game! The gift question was well taken care of; all had been purchased except something for the girl in New Haven, Alice Bentz. He had wanted to get her something really nice, but it seemed rather doubtful if he would be able to now.

Alice lived just a short distance from the college. He was taking dinner with her family on Christmas and to go empty handed to the feast seemed impossible to Jeff. He turned the matter over in his mind but could arrive at no solution. In his agitation he clasped and unclasped his hands. With a particularly vehement gesture he brought his right hand down smack into the palm of his left. When he brought his hands apart there was blood upon his fingers. His ring had cut the flesh.

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His ring! By Jove! There were possibilities in that ring! It was worth good dollars! He had obtained it only last week from an English exchange student (another wager) in whose family it had been for generations. If it were possible to borrow money on that Alice should have her Christmas present!

He got his hat and coat, hurried out of the Dorm, walked across the campus, and turned toward a little shop that was familiarly known to Yale men as "Isaac's". He entered the small, dismal place and greeted the wizened old proprietor. Would the gentleman loan him money on a valuable ring, he queried. Of course, but the gentleman must see the ring first. Jeff slipped the band from his finger and dropped it upon the counter. The money lender carefully examined it under a glass.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Perhaps seventy-five dollars," countered Jeff as a feeler.

"Oh, no, no, no,—no more than fifty."

Fifty it was. Jeff pocketed the money and the pawn ticket. Leaving the shop he turned into the more fashionable business district to hunt a present for Alice. She had admired a necklace in one of the shops. He purchased it for forty dollars, hoping that Alice would like it. Meanwhile there was ten dollars on which to "do" the town. He called the Miss Bentz and they made arrangements for the evening,—theater and supper.

Once arrived at the movie palace Jeff prepared to purchase tickets. When he pulled his wallet from his pocket a slip of blue paper fluttered to the ground unnoticed by either Jeff or Alice. It was the pawn ticket for the ring.

They enjoyed their evening. Indeed, the picture was so delightful that Alice took a friend of hers to see it next day. Alice didn't mind watching the same reels again because she, like most girls, had a mild passion for Gable Clark. As the girls got out of the taxi, Alice noticed a piece of paper wedged between the curbing and the sidewalk. She picked it up, saw that it was a pawn check, and dropped it into her purse.

After the matinee she hurried to "Isaac's" and asked to examine the article that corresponded to the check number. When the shop-keeper brought out the ring, she saw that it was a remarkably handsome piece of jewelry but made no connection between it and Jeff because he had had it only a short time. Disregarding the prickings of her conscience against taking advantage of a play of Fate, she paid the money and decided to give the ring to Jeff for a Christmas present. The gift, she thought, was worth much more than fifty dollars. It certainly was a bargain.

The Christmas night dinner was pleasing. The candles reflected good cheer, and good food, and many a good joke. Afterwards under the tree Alice and Jeff exchanged gifts. The necklace was an exquisite affair of gold filigree work and topazes. Alice's delight over her gift was not equalled by Jeff when the errant ring was put back on his finger. Did she know that he had borrowed money to buy that silly chain? Alice experienced qualms fearing that the ring looked a bit shop worn. She hoped that he didn't notice.

Later as he was leaving she whispered to him, "Good night, Jeff. The necklace is beautiful, I love it!"

He remarked, "Good night, Alice. The ring's just swell."

As she turned to go in, she thought, "I guess I got away with it. He doesn't seem to know."

As he turned to leave, he thought, "I guess I got away with it. She doesn't seem to know."

Neither of them knew!

Richard Stevenson

BROTHER JOHNNY

JOHNNY'S fertile imagination had given forth more brilliant fruit which was probably destined to become a flowering plant—poison ivy.

For, Johnny was no ordinary boy—to his associates' sorrow. He was always planning or plotting and his planning eventually brought either ruin or mental desolation to someone. In this world, money is the acknowledged root of all evil; on Vincent Avenue and the immediate vicinity, Johnny had money beaten before it started. He was not, you must understand, malicious. Oh, no. It was simply that his viewpoint differed from the rest of the world's. What was a huge joke to Johnny was decidedly exasperating to his victim. What seemed to Johnny a shining example of his own ingenuity was anything but appreciated by Johnny's family.

For example, there was the time he secretly saturated the dog's dinner with the very old wine which his father kept for medicinal purposes and rare occasions, and then laughed until the tears came when the poor dog staggered around uttering maudlin barks. This amusement lasted until the intoxicated canine crawled away to "sleep it off".

We shall forego to recall the time Johnny put the glue in the minister's hat, the time he demoralized a neighboring church social by planting a skunk in the anteroom, and, last but not least, the time he fed white liquid shoe polish to the unsuspecting cat.

Johnny was well-known to all his neighbors. Those who lived farther away and received fewer visits merely gritted their teeth when he came around, but those nearby lived in mortal terror of him and rolled their eyes heavenward in supplication when they heard his shrill whistle—the ominous sign of his approach.

Nobody ever accused Johnny of lack of brains—quite the contrary. Johnny was smart enough to look carefully after his own welfare. He was a comparatively good boy at home, so his parents were prone to think that the frequent bad reports were exaggerated and to act accordingly. Oh, yes—Johnny was smart! So he went on his merry way unheeded.

Only two persons were exempt from the ingenious workings of his tireless brain. These were his brother Eddie on whom he doted (for nine years is inclined to make a hero of twenty-four years) and Eddie's best girl, Alice, whom he tolerated for Eddie's sake. But concerning Eddie and Alice, a growing unrest had seized Johnny. This unrest was father to his brilliant idea. For brother Johnny realized the purpose of the ring he had discovered in Eddie's secret drawer. Johnny also had a well-founded suspicion as to his elder brother's departure to another town almost every other night. He was pretty sure, from various and sundry remarks, that Eddie was negotiating for a better job with excellent prospects, and that this new position was to be a surprise to Alice. Johnny received much money and many favors from Eddie, who was very fond of him, and he knew he would miss Eddie terribly if that young man ventured on the sea of matrimony. So Johnny thought up the brilliant idea and laid his plans. First he invaded the old chest in the attic, examined a certain beribboned package of love-letters which his mother sentimentally treasured, and chose one, undated, not as old-looking as the others, and signed simply "Eddie"—for that was his father's name. With this in his possession, Johnny diabolically awaited his opportunity. Sure enough, one afternoon a few days later, while he was walking home, Alice drew up to the curb in her little roadster.

"Want a ride home, Johnny?" she questioned, with a friendly smile. Johnny suffered a temporary qualm of conscience, but it soon vanished considering its proximity to Johnny.

"Thanks," he answered laconically, and climbed in. It took Johnny a few blocks to get a start but after a few pleasantries he burst forth.

"Seen Eddie lately?"

"Why, yes. Of course," Alice replied, giving him a curious look, "Why do you ask that?"

"Oh, I just thought you and him wasn't so friendly lately," giving her a sidelong glance.

"Why do you say that?" Alice demanded sharply. She searched his upturned face suspiciously, for Johnny's reputation had reached her through the medium of the neighbors, but the boy's face was as innocent as a cherub's.

"Well-I," hesitated Johnny, who was certainly under Satan's espionage at that time, "he's been out of town a lot, and I thought he had a girl someplace else. Did you have a fight?"

"Why no," Alice's voice sounded a little strained. She too had wondered slightly about those visits, but forbore to question when Eddie became evasive. Could he—but no—impossible! Johnny's guileless voice broke upon her chaotic thoughts.

"Look what I found. Here read it." Opening it, still absorbed with misgivings, she absently read a few lines beginning "My darling Emily", and dropped the paper as though it were red-hot, only to pick it up and look at the signature.

"Johnny," she gasped, "that's a private letter. You shouldn't have taken it. Where did you find it?"

"Home," came the non-committal answer, "I'll put it back if you say so. Here's our house. Thanks for the lift. S'long."

"So long," Alice answered mechanically staring into space. Then she slowly drove ahead.

"Well," thought the imp who had wrought the mischief, "guess I put a monkey-wrench in *that*!" And he walked up the path with a heart filled with satisfaction worthy of a good deed. But he had left the letter.

The next day Eddie met Alice. He was bubbling over with joy. The job was his. His eyes opened wide with surprise when Alice gave him the coolest imaginable nod.

"Why Alice," he began.

"I've nothing to say to you," she came back, "but here's one of your letters. Johnny found it and I read part, by mistake. Goodday." And she walked on. Eddie stared at the slip of paper in bewilderment. Then his face cleared to be covered with a frown that boded no good to a certain young man.

"The young limb of Satan," he muttered, unconsciously voicing many a neighbor's heartfelt words.

That night Eddie acquainted his parents with the knowledge that they were harboring in their midst a well-developed instrument of a certain horned gentleman. Then he administered punishment to Johnny, both vocal and physical, after which he took his departure, ring in hand, to make peace with Alice.

"Well," thought a chastened Johnny, as he crawled into bed paying special attention to a tender part of his anatomy, "anyway, Alice makes swell chocolate cake, 'n maybe I'll get a lot when they're married."

Margaret Murray '34

A TEXAS CHRISTMAS STOCKING

CALFORD GREEN, came limping over the rough land, all cactus bush and boulders, toward the National House. Of the sullen group of men by the well, he took no notice whatever. Sheriff Morgan and the boys let him in. They made at once for the private room reserved for Green in the National House, and somebody brought the word that the door was promptly locked.

Partly scorn, partly fear, stirred the little group by the well.

"Great detective, eh?" sneered Joe Brown, hitching his belt. "Tenderfoot!" laughed another.

"All the same," said a third, "he is a great detective. That's the bit we gotter remember. We gotter down him or he'll down us."

"The company's wise even if they dunno who they're wise to," said Grant, "they got that feller down here to get results and—he'll get results. Unless—"

"Unless we get him first," finished Joe Brown, with a grin, "Christmas Eve the train of the year comes through—millionaires going home for Christmas. And we've just got to stick that train up. What was that you said, Grant?"

"Oh," said Grant, "I was just sayin', the new detective seems a bit of a dandy to me. Wants a clean supply of linen ready day after tomorrow morning. In Texas! One o'them New York detectives! We should hang up his stocking for Christmas."

Something in his words made Joe start.

"We've got him, sure now," he suddenly burst out, "It was you mentionin' hangin' up his stockin' for Christmas that gave me the idea, Grant."

"What is it?" asked Grant.

"Be at the laundry day after tomorrow at daybreak," said Brown, "you'll see."

On the appointed day when the first break of light was creeping over the flats, the gang came together.

"They don't think we're doin' nothin'," said Joe Brown; "bust this window open and let's get in."

It was not long before they were in the laundry, leaving no trace of their entry.

The laundry was a small place and only one pile of linen was now on the shelf, that of detective Green.

Joe Brown lifted it down from the shelf and selected from the pile two pair of socks. One pair he handed to Grant, and said, "you lose that pair outside somewhere where they won't never be found." Then producing a pair of cactus thorns, he set to work, three pair of eyes intently watching. He put on a pair of gloves and took a tiny bottle of deadly poison from his pocket.

Very carefully he dipped each thorn into the poison and inserted the thorns well down in one sock, around the toe and heel.

"I guess," he said, "we've got him fixed for a nice Christmas—come on, boys, we'll beat it—and wait for the news of the great detective's death."

Calford Green sat up in bed. He had overslept. His laundry had just arrived and he set about checking it.

"A pair of socks missing," he said presently, "well, never mind that now."

He dressed and soon joined the Sheriff on the verandah.

Joe Brown and Grant passed at that moment. Each turned his eyes on the socks Green was wearing.

"Thought you said that stuff acted instantly," said Grant.

"Don't just understand it," said Brown, shortly.

"I wonder why they stared so hard at my socks," said Calford Green, "socks—ha! there was one pair of socks missing. Now what is the mystery of my socks?"

"Come," he said to the Sheriff, "we'll go up to my room and solve this mystery. I want you to be a witness when I take off my socks."

He peeled off one sock, examined it and threw it aside. Then he took off the other.

"Look!" he said suddenly, "you see this! and this!"

"Cactus thorns!" exclaimed Sheriff Morgan.

"Don't touch them!" said Green, "beyond a doubt they're poisoned. Here's another and another."

"I guess this is enough evidence to hold Brown and Grant," said the Sheriff, "you sure had a narrow escape. One of those thorns would have finished you. I reckon it's lucky," he hesitated—

"Yes," said Calford Green, "it's lucky I left a bit of myself in France during the war."

"Thank God," he added solemnly, "for my wooden leg. That can't be poisoned—and a merry Christmas."

Hilda Underwood

SNOWSTORM

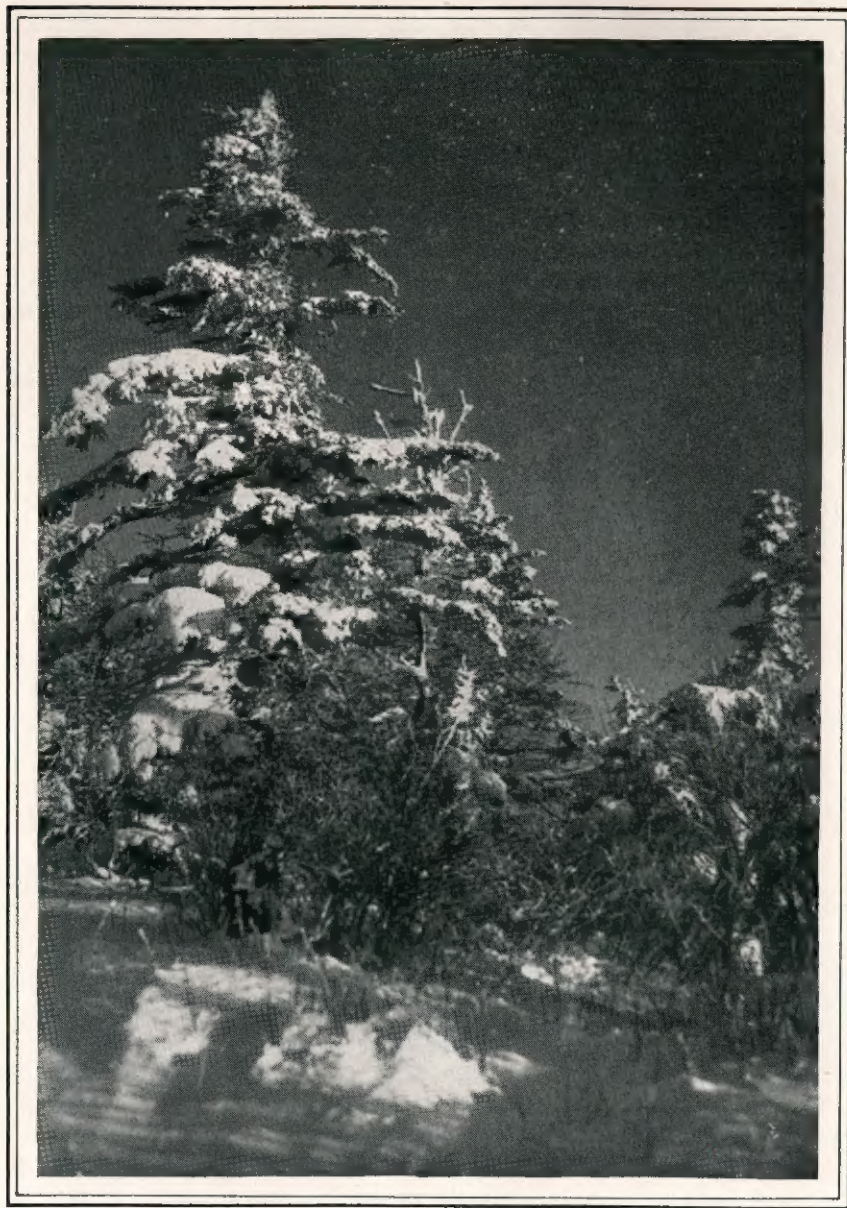
It's snowing—I know it—I feel it—
The world is so still and so white,
And the bells tinkle clear in the darkness
With a cadence so merry and bright.

They're whirling—the snowflakes—and twirling
Down from the cloud-covered sky,
While a gay little breeze sends them swirling
To the sparkling bed where they lie.

They're changing the earth from its mourning
To a carnival masker in white,
With a mantle all laden with diamonds
From the realm of the star-studded night.

It's ceasing—the snowstorm—and leaving
A stillness as deep as the sea;
But the miracle worked by its wonders
Remains in the world's memory.

Mary O'Boyle '35



CHRISTMAS MAGIC

*"How light the touches are that kiss
The music from the chords of life."*

Tennyson

IT is a night for dreams—a night of magic. Light footsteps crunch delightfully on the sparkling snow. Eager voices call greetings through the deep blue darkness. Young and old are ecstatically gay, light-hearted, happy. They revel in the crisp, frosty air. They listen joyously to innumerable tiny sleighbells tinkling messages to the silver stars, and to clear, ringing voices, caroling the glad news of Christ's birth to all. Chimes from all the churches ring out over the city. Small, silver-toned bells harmonize with the deep-throated peals of the larger bells. All the chimes in the world proclaim that it is Christmas.

The spirit of Christmas, Love, has made everyone's cheeks glow, "has sprinkled stardust into their eyes to make them shine." Voices brimming with warmth and friendship, exchange happy greetings. It is a night for dreams—a night of magic. Insistently, the bells ring out in a paeon of triumph and exultation. It is Christmas!

Marguerite A. Donna

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Dear Lord, let no soul be weary,
Or one heart miss Christmas cheer,
Let not one small child be hungry
At this joyous time of year.

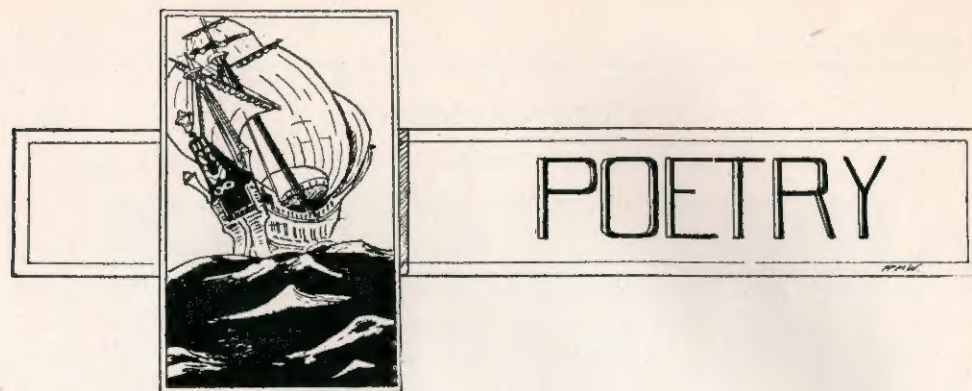
Oh, let every burden lighten,
Every heart be young and free,
Every home be reunited
Underneath a Christmas Tree.

Lord, let all the bells be sounding
Tides of gladness as they ring,
Songs of never-ending glory,
Peace on earth for men to bring.

God, may every cheek be brightened
With the holy light of love,
As the psalms of praise, ascending
Reach Thee on Thy throne above.

Mary O'Boyle '35





I DO NOT LIKE THE NIGHT

I do not like the night.
 It is unkind.
 It is harsh.
 It is ruthless.
 I think it conceals its crimes under its impenetrable guise of funereal crepe.
 It is too cold and dark and silent.
 It clutches me with clammy hands
 And makes me shiver with sudden, instinctive fear.
 It shrouds my dreams in a pall so black
 That I cannot find them.
 It mocks me silently.
 It laughs at me with hard, uncompromising laughter.
 It jeers ironically at my futile attempts at bravery.
 It knows that when it will, it can conquer me.
 Trembling and afraid I run into the house,
 And, with shaking fingers lock the door.
 I have outwitted the night,
 But . . . even now I am afraid of it.
 I do not like the night.

Marguerite A. Donna

December, 1933

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THE NATIVITY

Long years ago in Bethlehem, The stars shone down one night. Out-shining all the rest of them One shed a holy light	And in their hands fine gifts they bore Of myrrh and incense rare, As offerings to lay before The little Babe so fair.
O'er shepherds on a hillside near To them it was a sign It filled their hearts with awe and fear That wondrous light divine.	There in a manger did He lay A halo 'round His head His pillow but a mound of hay No cradle was His bed.
They left their flocks to heed its call While Angels bending near Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to all." A message of good cheer.	The star had come to rest above, Its glory did astound. It shed o'er all a light of love While shepherds gathered 'round.
And from the East the Magi rode. Wise men and sage were they, Knowing that where the bright star glowed Was where the Christ Child lay.	Proclaiming Christ the new-born King They worshipped at His feet While Angel choirs made echoes ring With Alleluiahs sweet.

Roberta Bufo '34

FRAGILE FILAMENTS

Fragile filaments are they—my dreams—
 Spun on a gossamer web—
 Robed in drops of the silver dew—
 Tinted with sunlight and the sombre blue of a tender night—
 Kissed by the sun and the moon and the stars—
 Carried about on the wings of the wind—
 Buffeted by ruthless elements—
 Shaken and bruised by futile strife—
 Bound by the narrow conventions of life.

Fragile filaments are they—my dreams—
 Fashioned of laughter and tears—
 Spangled with glorious years—
 Bright as the sun's golden gleams—
 And brighter—my breathtaking dreams!!!
 Fragile they are, it is true,
 But so everlastingly new
 That they fill life with radiant gleams—
 My joyous, ecstatic, young dreams!!!

Marguerite A. Donna

DECEMBER

December brings the frosty day
 Of shorter hours; more work, less play.
 It finds us, who are still in school,
 Just busy keeping every rule,
 And studying with eager zest,
 Preparing for another test.

And as the sunsets greener grow,
 With hint of future drifting snow,
 As Winter turns to grays and browns,
 The mountains, trees, the woods and towns,
 There comes a thought that keeps us gay—
 The fast approaching Christmas Day.

The green of holly, gold of star,
 The Season's decorations are.
 With glint of silver, chime of bell,
 To break December's dreary spell.
 And Christmas trees ablaze with light
 Through every window pane at night.

With "Peace on earth, good will to men"
 We come to Christmas Eve again.
 Then look about our cheerful room,
 And glance without at Winter's gloom.
 The snow heaped high against the pane,
 Seems trying to get in—in vain.

The fire-side, secure and warm
 Is snug and safe from any storm.
 The stockings hang there in a row,
 Above the embers' dying glow.
 The younger ones are tucked away
 To dream of Santa and his sleigh.

And so December seems to me
 A sad and glad variety.
 A month of work, and sometimes play,
 Of colors drab, and colors gay.
 The warmth of fires, cold of snow
 I love it, just because it's so.

Elizabeth Fyler '34

Current Literature

Department conducted by Richard Stevenson

The year 1933 will long be remembered in the book world for having given us some remarkable pieces of achievement. Depression or no depression, America has maintained, nay surpassed, the artistic tastes of other years. Some authors and certain books have made instantaneous and lasting fame; others have been slower in making the grade, but those that have come through certainly have proved worthy of notice.

Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse" has surpassed all hopes—and broken all records. The acceptance of this novel definitely proves that the swaggering, swash-buckling type of romance is not dead, but very much appreciated in the United States.

"Marie Antoinette," written by Stefan Zweig, proved popular in the field of biography.

Such outstanding "soil" novels as "South Moon Under", by Marjorie Rawlings; "Lost Adam", by Games Cozzens; "As The Earth Turns", by Gladys Hasty Carroll; and "The Farm", by Louis Bromfield, certainly merited their success.

Halliday Sutherland's "The Arches of The Years", "British Agent", by Bruce Lockhart; and Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth", were among the best in the field of memories.

Many more fine books were published of course; but the striking thing is the amount of English works that have been flooding our stalls. Perhaps it is not so apparent in the novel field, but most certainly our English cousins have the upper hand in other categories. Our nationalism has not applied to our reading, and it puts our American writers in a bad light: for example, here and there works of English vintage have been best sellers the past month.

"Testament of Youth, An Autobiographical Study of The Years 1900-1925," by Vera Brittain (New York: Macmillan Co.)



VERA BRITTAİN

The dilemma that English young people found themselves in at the outbreak of the Great War, parallels quite strikingly the outlook that we, the depression generation, have to face.

Vera Brittain, as a nurse, was plunged from provincial England and Oxford right into the heart of the war. The difficulties and the disillusionments of a young person are mostly set forth by a woman with keen insight, which has been sharpened by experience.

The author lost, in addition to her brother, two cherished friends, and a lover. The published correspondence between different members of the group illustrate particularly well the lines of the combatants and non-combatants of the war. The

book should prove valuable if for no other reason than showing the awful wrecks war makes of all its contestants.

"Vanessa" by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday Doran).

With "Vanessa," Hugh Walpole concludes his chronicle of the Herries family. The saga began with "Rouge Herries", continued with "Judith Paris", the "Fortress" and ends with this writing which brings the family down from the period of 1875 to the present.

Although Judith Paris is off scenes before the first section is concluded, she seems to dominate the whole story. There are continued references to "Old Madame", "the Cumberland lady who lived to be a hundred" and her old green book of reminiscences. Judith is Vanessa's grandmother and Vanessa is a fit character to have had such a progenitor.

Vanessa has one great weakness, (perhaps it is a virtue) her love for Benjie Herries. Benjie is a scamp, a ne'er-do-well, and the black sheep of the Herries clan.

This love is the central point about which the story revolves; it's lively (in spite of its Victorianism) and tactfully developed to set off Vanessa's turbulent life.

The scenes are laid chiefly in London but Mr. Walpole takes the reader back to his beloved Cumberland for a visit that contains some of the best description to be found in saga.

"Vanessa," as can any of the novels of the series, may be read individually without any resource to the preceding works. Walpole has constructed cleverly in this sense; but to those who have read the preceding books, "Vanessa" beautifully rounds off the social history of England that Mr. Walpole has written. To those who haven't, this particular volume will be a delightful love story, dressed up in handsome Walpole manner.

"The Bird of Dawning" by John Masefield, (New York: Macmillan Co.)

A clipper-ship running in the China tea races, is rammed by a steamer in the night and sinks within fifteen minutes. One half of the crew is tumbled into the sea and drowned. The captain goes down with his ship, and the remaining men are set adrift in an open boat under the command of the mate. They toss about in angry seas until they come upon a deserted ship. The errant crew man the "ghost" and sail her into Liverpool, the first in the Chinese races!

"The Bird of Dawning" does not lack plot! It fairly bristles with it. In addition, it is written so crisply, and with such briskness (no chapter divisions for Masefield, he gives you no excuse for laying it aside) that one is completely absorbed into the story until its final thrilling ending; the race up the channel.

"CHEMISTRY MILL"

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer's "Trees")

I think that I shall never see
A class as dull as Chemistry,
A class in which you're bound to sleep
O'er formulas that are sea deep—
What man can say with tongue or pen
Its mighty rules on oxygen?
Potassium chloride fills your brain
Until you doubt that you are sane.
Poems are made by fools like me
But who on earth knows Chemistry?

High School Record, Camden, N. J.

THE PITTSFIELD BOYS' CLUB

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third in a series of articles by leaders of Pittsfield projects definitely related to the Pittsfield High School boy and girl. The current article was written by Mr. Fred Fahey, swimming instructor at the Boys' Club.



MR. FRED FAHEY

AS ONE enters the Pittsfield Boys' Club through the large double doors, one sees directly before him an oil painting of a group of boys on the slope of a mountain, striving to reach the summit. The title of this painting is "Achievement is the Summit After the Climb". This picture represents boy life and activity within our building, and shows the various types of boys. One of them is carrying a book, representing the serious and student-minded. For this type of boy the club has provided an excellent library, and the leisure time of 11,765 boys was spent in this department last year. The attendance of these classes is taken by the number of hourly periods the boys spend in them.

Also in this group we find the boy who is mechanically inclined. This boy may attend classes such as Mechanical Drawing, Electrical Instruction and Woodworking. In these classes the boys have an opportunity to work with many different mechanical devices, such as lathes, saws, motors, and many other mechanical appliances and in this division 5534 boys have taken

advantage of these classes during the past year.

The vocational classes of the Club also consist of sheet metal, typewriting, sign lettering, and art. These classes are also well attended, with a yearly attendance of 4925 boys. The creative instincts of boys are recognized, and the youth is given an opportunity to learn by doing.

The largest department of the Club characterized in the painting is the boy holding the basketball, designating the athletic side of boys' life. This department is divided into three parts. First, the large gymnasium, where classes are conducted for the purpose of developing the body. This is done through a variety of programs such as mass games, athletic leagues, calisthenics, and various kinds of races.

The second branch of this department consists of two small basketball courts in which the various groups are divided according to age and are organized into several basketball leagues. These leagues continue throughout the winter months and furnish much exercise for a large number of boys. They also promote much interest for the young spectators who eagerly watch the games daily.

The third branch is the largest with a total of over 35,000 boys. In the Swimming Department we first teach the fundamentals of swimming, classes working up to competitive swimming, life saving or recreational swimming.

In swimming the boys are also divided into four groups namely: Midgets, Juniors, Intermediates and Seniors, and they have an appointed time each week that they may take part in this recreation. Many special meets are held to promote interest among the competitive swimmer. This is the one part of the club which the girls are allowed to take advantage of. They also have developed many excellent swimmers and have performed in several outstanding water pageants.

Although the oil painting at the entrance to the club does not depict the many other activities, I will mention several of the outstanding ones. First, the weekly motion picture show which is held in our Auditorium each Friday night and attracts a capacity house to see the clean educational boy pictures which we are fortunate to obtain. Another branch of the Club is the Senior Department which gives the older boys an occasion to have their various recreational and social activities separate from the smaller boys. There are also two rooms of the club which should be mentioned:—the game room which supplies much entertainment for those boys who are not taking part in the other programs of the building; and the shower room, where 63,668 showers were taken in one season.

With all the various classes namely, vocational, physical and educational, the Boys' Club accommodates over 900 daily, giving them an opportunity to find a vocation, and to utilize their leisure time properly. The boys take part in these classes because they like them and not because they are forced in to them. This is the reason why so much progress has been made in the classes of the Club. After visiting the Club one will readily see that their workmanship is of the highest grade.

IN AND ABOUT TOWN WITH THE HAUGHTY SENIORS

THE class of January '34 is about to leave the portals of this spacious building. With the members of the class goes hope; they leave behind, charity—also the wish that the auditorium stage be repaired.

As regards to the present usually left the school by the graduating class, the present Senior A's will render the old, old ballad, "We can't give you anything but love, Baby."

Our ambition:—to prove to Mr. Russell that discretion is *not* the better part of valor.

The Senior A class showed, for the second time in its history, excellent judgment in selecting Max Gimblette for the chairman of the Caps and Gowns Committee.

Franklin D. Roosevelt has definitely declared himself opposed to lynching as a form of public reprisal.—A word to the wise is sufficient.

'Tis whispered in the higher circles that Mr. Olsen has gone to considerable mental strain to memorize Alan Seegar's immortal poem, "I Have a Rendezvous With Death."

After much hard labor in laboratories, and amid the wreckage of many microscopes, scientists have discovered the meaning of V. B. S. Sophs, it means in every-day English, "Vicky, Bobby, and Solly." How cute! (Ed. Note: Mr. Gruner felt quite hurt because his advertisement did not appear in the last issue—along with his distinguished comrades. We have seen to it this time.)

Wishing to stir up a little agitation and school spirit, the comments on the following quotation from Robinson ("er somebuddy") will be welcome. (Note to English teacherz: We realize that this quotation may not be exact, but it is eleven-thirty p. m. and we cannot check up on it right now. Fowgiveus! Fowgiveus!)

"Brunettes? Ah! The men fall down more numerously and deviously before them;

But, methinks more men get up and go away again than from the fairer ones."

With malice toward none—H. D. and H. G.

Who's Who in P. H. S.

Our Principal

MR. ROY M. STROUT

Mr. Strout is a graduate of Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine, in the class of 1907. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Bates College in 1911, and did graduate work at Harvard University from 1919 to 1921. He wielded the sceptre of principal in Dexter, Maine; South Portland, Maine; and Danvers, Massachusetts before coming to Pittsfield in 1921. Mr. Strout is a member of the Berkshire County Principals' Association, the National Education Association, the National High School Principals' Association, a director of the Massachusetts Teachers' Federation, and president for the year 1933 of the Massachusetts High School Principals' Association. Mr. Strout firmly believes that a student of normal intelligence who budgets his time, maps out for himself a definite daily program, and sticks to it will be a success in after life. Questioned concerning his hobby, Mr. Strout replied that he gains the greatest recreation from the outdoor life of hunting and fishing.



MR. ROY M. STROUT

MISS NELLIE J. PARKER

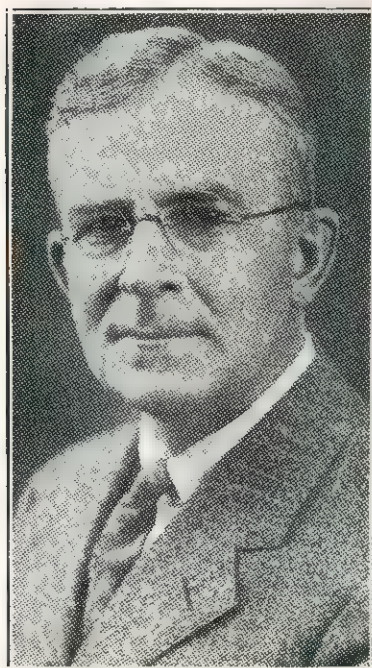
Miss Parker, our capable Dean of Girls, is a native of Pittsfield. After winning first honors in her class at P. H. S., she attended Smith College, graduating with Phi Beta Kappa honors. Following her graduation she taught Latin and Greek at the College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minnesota; at Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Connecticut; the Choate School, Boston; and Burnham School for Girls, Northampton. For several years she was connected with the offices of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York and Pittsburg. With this wide experience she joined the official staff of Smith College and served for a number of years as House Director. Miss Parker returned to Pittsfield in 1931 to become Dean of Girls and has made a warm place for herself in the affection of both faculty and students.



MISS NELLIE J. PARKER



MR. WILLIAM D. GOODWIN



MR. JOHN FORD

MR. WILLIAM D. GOODWIN

Mr. William D. Goodwin, dean of Pittsfield High School's teachers, was born in Winnebago City, Minnesota. Mr. Goodwin received his secondary education at Woodstock Academy in Woodstock, Connecticut. Amherst College was his Alma Mater, from which he was graduated with the coveted honor of Phi Beta Kappa. Although mathematics was his major subject, Latin has gained an honorable "second place" and he has succeeded in transferring to his Cicero and Virgil pupils some of his infinite knowledge on this subject. Aside from teaching, Mr. Goodwin has found much enjoyment in gardening, flute playing, in which he is an accomplished player, and in the study of psychology.

At the present, he holds the dual position of Head of the Latin Department and Vice Principal of our school.

MR. JOHN FORD

Mr. Ford is so buoyantly cheerful and so replete with a wisdom as profound as it is simple that the most inexperienced person may thoroughly understand his sagacity. He believes that the process of school is first a matter of adaptation and secondly a matter of learning to think for one's self. Mr. Ford has attended Waltham High School, Boston College, Bridgewater State Teachers' College, and Holy Cross College, where he received an A.B. degree. He has had thorough experience in teaching as he has been a member of the faculty of Arquette University in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Mercer Academy in Ashland, Wisconsin, Carlton Academy in Summit, N. J. He has had further experience as Superintendent of Recreation in the City of Pittsfield for three years, has been at summer camps in Summit, N. J., for a period of two years, summer camps in St. George, New Brunswick for two years, and Director of Education in Summit, N. J. for three years. He played varsity baseball and football at Holy Cross College and was football and baseball coach at Marquette University.

MR. EDWARD RUSSELL

To the students of Science R-U-S-S-E-L-L is a word combining a knowledge of all the facts, principles, and phenomena of that subject. Mr. Russell graduated from Holy Cross College with an A.B. degree and was honored by Providence College with an M.A. degree. He also has done special work at the University of Cincinnati. While a student at Holy Cross, he was made President of the Athletic Association and was manager of the baseball team in 1916. Mr. Russell, "Doc" to you, saw thirteen months' service during the World War.

Before coming to Pittsfield High School, he taught at the Brooklyn College, Brooklyn, New York. He is Chairman of the School Committee in Hinsdale, as well as an active member on the town Finance Committee. Mr. Russell's special qualities for an ideal student are the three I's: interest, industry, and individuality. A very well-known fact that should be mentioned is that Mr. Russell is an alumnus of P. H. S.!



EDWARD RUSSELL

THEODORE HERBERG

Having been graduated from New York University and from the Teachers' Graduate School of Columbia University, with such distinctions as being the recipient of a Pulitzer essay prize, meriting an average of 98% (the highest) on the New York State College Board examinations, and receiving a scholarship for his Senior year at college, Mr. Theodore Herberg, brilliant head of our Mathematics Department, ably served as instructor in this subject in day, evening, and summer schools in New York State before assuming his duties at this school. (Room 105 to those sophomores whom it may concern.)

Exceptional or outstanding brilliance is not essential to the perfect student, declares Mr. Herberg. "A pupil who knows how to use, and has the desire to use, his intellectual ability, is, in my estimation, an ideal student."

Surprising us considerably, the popular past president of the Pittsfield Teachers' Association calmly stated that his technical (this is our word, not his) mind is interested in gardening—and he'll have you know he means vegetable, and not the sissified flower gardening!



THEODORE HERBERG



GEORGE INNIS

GEORGE INNIS

Anyone who attends a class in room 137 can vouch for the esteem and regard felt toward Mr. George Innis, our Modern Language Department head, since 1921. Having been graduated from Brown University, Mr. Innis studied methods of language instruction in the eastern part of the United States, and in Germany before teaching French, German, and Spanish at the Williston Academy, Easthampton, Massachusetts; the New Haven High School, New Haven, Connecticut; the Utica Free Academy, in Utica, New York; the Albany Academy, in Albany, New York; and the University School, a preparatory school for boys, in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Innis expresses the almost unanimous appeal of the faculty, for an "all-around" student as the perfect one. He does not believe in a school of grinds. Further, success or failure in school, he asserts, is commensurate with success or failure in life.

We asked Mr. Innis if he had a hobby, and he replied, "No, but I used to play tennis."



MISS VERA HARVEY

MISS VERA HARVEY

Miss Harvey, who has temporarily taken Miss Gerett's place as head of the Home Economics Department, is a truly vivacious person when interviewed. She attended the State Teachers' College at Framingham, Columbia University, and Fitchburg Teachers' College. She taught in Orange, Mass. before coming to Pittsfield, Mass. Miss Harvey believes that all girls who acquired the habit of neatness and a real interest for this particular line of work may qualify as students in this department.

MISS RACHAEL W. MORSE

Our able and competent director of the History Department was born in Leominster, Mass. After having been graduated from Leominster High School, she received her degree from Boston University and later Fitchburg Normal School.

In choosing history as her subject Miss Morse gives as her reasons the fact that it offers opportunities for "continuous work which never reaches any end." And with this thought in mind, we believe that she has attempted and has been successful in making Pittsfield High School students men and women of the world. Miss Morse speaks as a woman of experience in presenting her ideas of a model student.

"I think he should be human, should live in the present and not in the past, be interested in school citizenship as well as country citizenship, and alert in all matters."



MISS RACHAEL W. MORSE

MISS MADELINE PFEIFFER

Miss Pfeiffer, that inimitable person who wields the sceptre of the STUDENT'S PEN, is a graduate of Smith College with a Bachelor's degree. She also attended Columbia University and there attained a Master's degree. Miss Pfeiffer is a member of the College Club, the Smith Club, and the Women's Club. To her mind the perfect student, if there be such, must have, first, intelligence—not too much to ask of anyone—and, secondly, enthusiasm for his study. Everyone possesses some special interest with which to relieve the monotony of every day—Miss Pfeiffer's avocation is gardening, and to prove that her interest is not merely aesthetic, she says that she can grow first class beets and tomatoes as well as tulips and madonna lilies.



MISS MADELINE PFEIFFER

THE SENIOR PLAY

(We intercept a letter)

Dec. 16, 1933

Dear Marge,

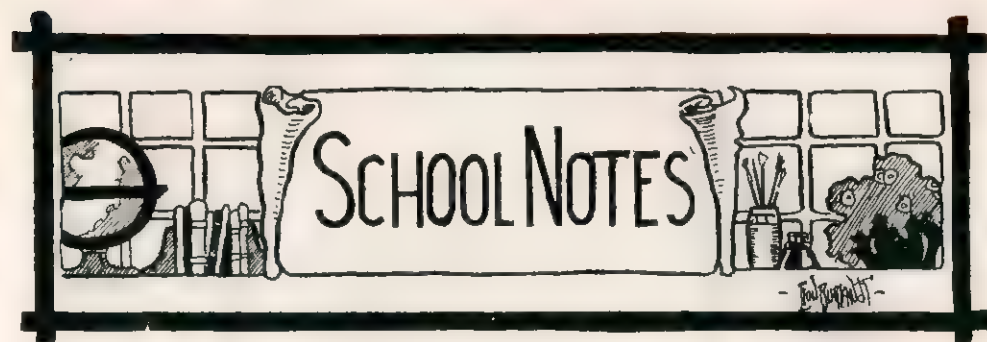
Last night I went to "Seven Chances," the Senior Play, and honest, I had such a good time that I just had to write and tell you all about it. Remember that nice boy with the big, black eyebrows and cute grin that I told you about last summer? Well, he was the leading man, and he was in the funniest predicament. His grandfather left him \$12,000,000 (twelve million) in his will on condition that he got married before he was twenty-five and when the poor boy was notified that his grandfather had died, he was going to be twenty-five the next day. He didn't want to get married because he didn't like girls, but finally his pal persuaded him and they fixed up a party for the next evening so that he would have plenty of girls to propose to. Oh dear, you would have died laughing it was so funny the way seven girls refused him in succession and he was so rich and handsome and all. Then he realized that he was really in love with Anne Windsor, played by Marjorie L. Nicholls, and was she stunning! She didn't believe that he really loved her, though, and wouldn't have him, and the poor fellow was all set to marry somebody else. Then his pal faked a telegram (can you imagine that?) in which it said that he wasn't going to get a cent and all the other girls except Anne immediately left him. So he and Anne decided to get married and then that pal told them that it wasn't a real telegram, and they ran off to get a marriage license before it was too late. And Oh, there were so many more funny things but I just can't remember them. That funny Victor Olson was a henpecked husband—isn't that rich? And Isabella Lehman was so good! Well, after the play we all went down to the Masonic Temple where there was a dance and reception for the cast. Oh, Marge, Duke Milne was so good! I was actually thrilled when he sang "the Last Roundup". But the best thing was my boy friend got me a dance with Stew Cosgriff and he's so nice. Then my boy friend got me a dance with that pal, his real name is Hugh Downey and he told me the funniest story. You know, in one part of the play Hugh said, "Come up and see us again sometime" just like Mae West, and honest, it wasn't supposed to be in the play at all, but he took a dare before the play and nobody in the audience knew at all. He got mad at me, though, because I got lipstick all over his tuxedo shirt while we were dancing.

Well, after the dance we all went to Rosa's to get a snack. I was so peeved because they didn't have any peanut butter toasted sandwiches because that's my favorite dish. So I had a hamburger. Well, when it came to paying the bill, my boy friend discovered that he was broke and I didn't have any money either, so he had to leave his Student's Ticket with the manager and he promised to pay the next day or he doesn't get it back. He's such a dumbbell. After that we went home, and the roads were so icy that it was awfully hard driving and I was scared stiff because he insisted on driving so fast. When I got home I got the dickens for being so late and then I was so sleepy that I almost fell asleep with my clothes on. It was the end of a perfect day. My, I've got so much homework to do, but just think, I'll be a Sophomore A next February. They mark terrible strict here though. Imagine, I got a four (4) in English.

Love,
Petunia

Irving Michelman





Charles Kline, Jr., Editor

Assistant Editors

Peter Barreca, Marguerite Donna, Frances Norton

OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE



Seven P. H. S. students—Dud Head, Bill Zarvis, George Betts, John Tobey, Charles Kline, Howard Townsend, and Ralph Sias—were among the thousand delegates to the forty-fourth annual Older Boys' Conference sponsored by the Y. M. C. A. the eighth, ninth, and tenth of this month in Watertown, Mass. The theme of the conference was **YOUTH FACES THE NEW WORLD**. After talks by outstanding speakers the conference split up into discussion groups. The peak of the meeting was reached at the banquet on Saturday, the ninth.

Excerpts from the Speeches

"In youth, as in a baby's head, the bone hasn't set yet. It's very disconcerting for a man of fifty to run his hand over a bald head and realize that the bone has set perfectly!"

"When men fought in the Middle Ages, they covered themselves and their horses with iron plates. The effect was something like a Ford with a tail."

"The world's not going to pieces—it's remarkable how well it's holding together under the strain."

"We're all just like two boys Lincoln saw fighting with each other. A stranger asked him what was the matter with them. 'There's nothing the matter with them,' he said, 'except that they have seven walnuts and each one wants four.'"

Watertown High

It is always interesting to compare our school with another. Take the case of Watertown High. There there are only eleven hundred students and these are in a school built for eight hundred. The town itself has a population of only 37,000. Yet there they do things in a big way.

The local delegates were first impressed by their orchestra, seventy-five strong. Then came their band (which, by the way, plays at all the football games)—fifty boys and girls who could play almost anything—stirring marches, soothing overtures, comic pieces, and popular music.

Their school has the Nickel Collection, too, but there one pays ten cents a week, included in which is his class dues. The result, unlike that here, is highly satisfactory. Moreover, their stands are filled with townspeople at every game at fifty cents apiece.

And so on through the school. In the columns of their school newspaper, recently judged the best in Southeastern Massachusetts, are items about school dances in the gymnasium, clubs of all sorts, teams in practically every sport. Assembly plays, year books and so on.

Why?

Why does this school have so many activities when we have so few? The answer is summed up in two words—*School Spirit*. They work together; when they want something, they get behind it and push. If we want more school activities here, we must have first a school spirit worthy of the name.

December, 1933

[29]

THEY'RE FLIGHTY



A group of model airplane enthusiasts have organized a club at the Museum under the name of the **LOWELL R. BAYLES MEMORIAL CHAPTER** of the Airplane Model League of America. At the hobby show recently sponsored by the Girls' League their fleet of six model airplanes made by high school students won first prize. Robert Nelson, 10B, is president.

SENIOR SIDELINES



The Senior A Class has just about reached that final swirl of excitement that comes before graduation. What with the deluge of petitions that is coming down on their heads, the play rehearsals, committees, class meetings and so on, they seem to be having stormy weather of it.

As chairman of their Class Day exercises the seniors chose Cheerleader Hugh Downey. Maybe it's politics, but Hart Gleason, Downey's fellow cheerleader and co-gossiper, heads the Banquet Committee.

Pictures of the class are now being taken at the Curtis studio. It has been decided to have a composite picture. Robert Browne is chairman of this committee.

ELOQUENCE EXEMPLIFIED



Speeches for the Oratorical Contest have been written and are now being practised. Among those in the contest are High Jumper Irving Michelman, PEN Editor Harold Feldman, Debaters Bruce Burnham, "Midge" Cummings, Victor Olson, and others. From the sixteen who first entered the contest, six will be selected in January to give their speeches before the school.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN



Boys in the Science Department, under the direction of "Doc" Russell are building an acetylene generator and other apparatus. . . .

The Orchestra is now practising an overture for its January concert from the opera **OBERON** by Von Weber. The famous French Horn solo is played by Betty Sharley.

THE STUDENT'S PEN box for contributions has been placed on the bulletin board in the office.

The X Club, Sophomore B organization, is going in rather decidedly for one act plays. . . . They also expect to have Mr. Russell speak to them in the near future.

LATE FLASHES FROM THE S. S. WALTER WINCHELL

Now About This Conference

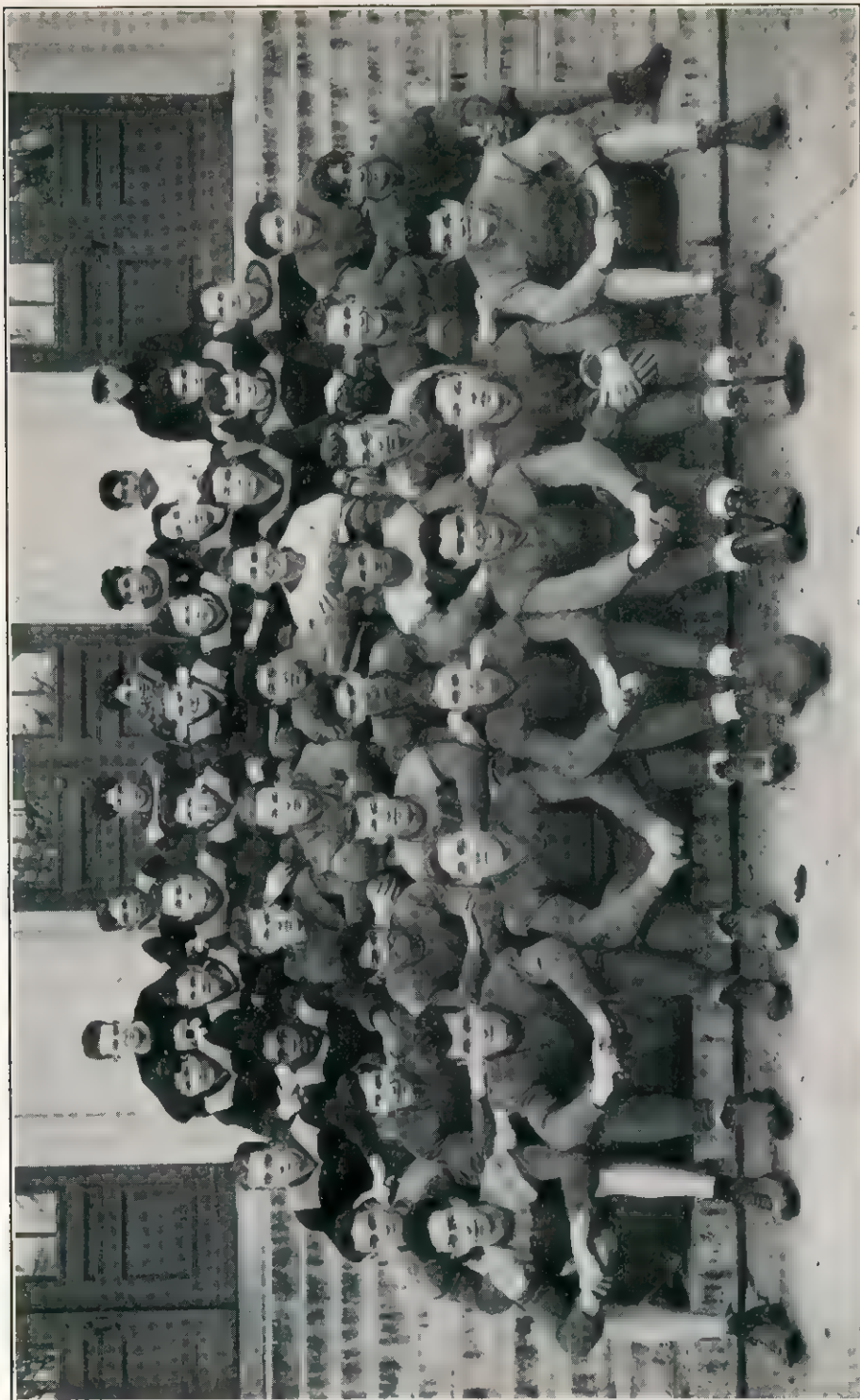


As soon as Dud Head got home the other night, he went down to tell Marg all about the conference. Then he began to show her the autographs he had collected. And right on the first page of his booklet was the name, address, and telephone number of a Watertown miss—a waitress at one of the church suppers. Dud declares emphatically that his face was *not* red. Well, it takes a head. . . .

Someone "borrowed" the Medford (Mass.) delegation's Hi-Y banner. It'll probably turn up this winter during the basketball season.

A Drop for the "Drippings"

We hate to criticize, but we feel that the **DRIPPINGS FROM THE PEN** should have said last month that *Lake Chargoggagoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg* means in English, "You fish on your side; I fish on my side; nobody fish in the middle." The name was the whole treaty that the two Indian tribes made. Somehow we prefer the English.



THE FOOTBALL TEAM



RESUME OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON

Although the Pittsfield High Football team did not win the All-Berkshire championship this year, our boys acquitted themselves in fine style. Throughout a good part of the season Pittsfield was minus the service of its backfield ace, "Walt" Mahauski. In the Williamstown game especially we felt the loss of Gull and Mahauski, the outstanding backfield men of the team. The following regulars will be lost for next season by graduation: White, Blake, Beauchemin, Barnini, Captain Kellar, Phelan, Kazberovich, Head, Controy, Mahauski, and Edda. Coach Stewart faces the problem of rebuilding the line. However, there is a wealth of material in the backfield and Coach Stewart always develops a fighting line.

*P. H. S. 0	Poughkeepsie	6
*P. H. S. 13	Worcester Classical	6
*P. H. S. 0	Adams	0
P. H. S. 7	Drury	0
P. H. S. 2	Williamstown	6
P. H. S. 0	Turners Falls	10
*P. H. S. 7	St. Joseph's	0

*Home games

PITTSFIELD HIGH DEFEATS ST. JOSEPH'S 7-0

Thanksgiving morning a determined Pittsfield High team defeated a fighting St. Joseph's combine for their tenth city series win. Perfect football weather prevailed, although the field was muddy in spots. The game was livened up quite a bit by two trick plays pulled by St. Joseph's, one in the first and one in the second period.

Pittsfield won the toss and Captain Kellar elected to kick off. The first few minutes resulted in a punting duel except for the sleeper pulled by Elger in the opening play. Toward the close of the period a series of rushes by Mahauski, Gull, and White for 40 yds. brought the ball to the parochial school's six-inch line when the quarter ended.

On the next play Walt Mahauski crashed through for a touchdown and added the extra point. The rest of the quarter was uneventful both sides making few gains, although in the final phase Meehan tried the second trick play which was stopped without gain. The period ended St. Joseph's ball on Pittsfield's 30-yd. line.

The third period featured punting, neither teams gaining much on passing or running plays.

In the final quarter of the game both teams passed a great deal but none were good for any great gains. Pittsfield was on St. Joseph's 10-yd. line near the close of the period, but a pass from Beauchemin over the goal to Controy was grounded. The game ended Pittsfield 7, St. Joseph's 0.

The line-up:

PITTSFIELD	ST. JOSEPH'S
Barnini, l.e.	r.e., Hennelly, E. Grady
Head, l.t.	r.t., J. Grady
Kazberovich, l.g.	r.g., Nolan, Purnell
Phelan, c.	c., Tobin
Simmons, Edda, r.g.	l.g., Barscz
Kellar, r.t.	l.t., R. Knight, St. Peter
Controy, Marra, r.e.	l.e., Melinski
Gull, q.b.	q.b., Meehan
Mahauski, Beauchemin, Trepacz, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Burke
Blake, Mlynarczyk, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Elger
White, Mahauski, f.b.	f.b., E. Grady, F. Carchedi, D. Carchedi

Score: Pittsfield High, 7; St. Joseph's High, 0. Touchdown: Mahauski. Point after touchdown: Mahauski, by rushing. Referees: J. Franklyn, Farrell, Lee, Umpires: Dave Hosley, Borth, Adams. Linesman: Art Fox, Adams. Time: 10-minute periods.

ALL-BERKSHIRE

In choosing the following teams, we have based our conclusions upon our observations and the general consensus of school opinion. This choice may not compare very accurately with other mythical combines which have been chosen but we are largely basing our selection upon student opinion. Among this outstanding aggregation of Berkshire's finest football stars, we find four Pittsfield High linesmen whose play both offensively and defensively has been conspicuous throughout the recently culminated gridiron campaign. Special mention goes to Ralph Simmons, Captain-elect of our squad, who was the *Springfield Republican's* choice for an All-Western Massachusetts guard position.

FIRST TEAM CHOICE

Marchio—D	l.e.
Kellar—P	l.t.
Simmons—P	l.g.
Tobin—St. J.	c.
Kazberovich—P	r.g.
Hart—W	r.t.
Barnini—P	r.e.
Patenaude—A	q.b.
Connors—W	l.h.b.
Galonka—A	r.h.b.
Bunoski—W	f.b.

SECOND TEAM CHOICE

Vandersloot—W
Head—P
Basaillion—A
Phelan—P
Smith—W
Rand—D
Armata—A
Morin—L
Mahauski—P
Meehan—St. J.
Mendel—A

GIRLS' SPORTS

This month saw the wind up of the Girls' Track Meet in Pittsfield High School. This is the project of the gymnasium and has been held yearly since 1931. Gladys Starkweather, who is now enrolled in Sargent, was the first victor. The second meet was won by Ruth Storie and this year found Edith Scace the high scorer and outstanding participant. Edith excelled in all parts of the meet and easily registered winning points. Rita Cullen, another agile lassie, emerged second and Lorraine Millet, our humble but mighty sophomore, claimed third place. This event arouses keen interest yearly and the number of participants is always great. Previous to the finals, these meets are held for the purpose of elimination. In the Junior meet Rose Broverman was first. In the Junior contest, Edith Scace was the star and in the Sophomore meet Lorraine Millet easily claimed top honors.



EDITH SCACE

The Pittsfield High Swimming Squad has been augmented by many new candidates who are trying out to make the representation Pittsfield High Team. The school this year has a formidable array of stars and will build a strong aggregation around seasoned swimmers—Lloydanne Perry, Claire Germaine, Doris Kenyon, Mickey Flynn, Dorothea Poulin, Ida Lightman and Dorothy Choiniere, who claimed their letters last year.

New faces on the squad who are taking swimming seriously and give promise of developing into first class swimmers next year are: Marion Keegan, Janet Gallup, Frances Simes, Sally Brownell, Alicia Olinto, Marguerite Fagley, Marion Sinclair and Virginia Hill.

The first round in the school Girls' League will be held in January, meanwhile Pittsfield High is being represented very strongly on the Varsity Team which recently clashed with Olynville and downed the Rhode Island mermaids 28-27. Five of the eight swimmers were Pittsfield High girls and they certainly did their bit to gain the scant margin for a victory.

Ida Lightman

SPORT FLASHES

As football makes its final bow for this year in front of P. H. S. rooters, the winter sports are being ushered in. Down in the gym, basketballs are arching into the air and whirling through hoops. Cries of "Sink that basket" cut through the air. Pittsfield High School's Berkshire County Champions are working hard to get into shape for the opening of the basketball season,—their noses pointing toward another banner year. No doubt, many of you are wondering how the team shapes up. Quite well. Up until February we'll have a veteran team, but then mid-year graduation will claim those sterling hoopsters,—Phelan and Controy. Yet there are a great number of able players who—although they have not seen much inter-scholastic service—will team up well with Gull, Beauchemin, and Barnini. Among these are several stars of last season's Jay Vee five—Les Balmer, Harry Allen, Marra.

Merry Christmas



VIC OLSEN
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THE FACE
TRYING TO COOK
A CHEER FROM
THE "COMMUNITY
FUND ASSEMBLY."

Christmas suggestions
for the FACULTY



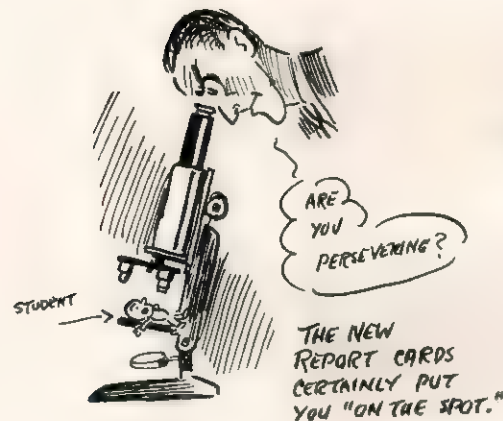
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FOR MISS MCCORMICK,
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COACH
STEWART
HAS AGAIN
BROUGHT
HOME
THE
BACON

7-0
(ST. JOE GAME)



ALUMNI NOTES

In a few more days the majority of our graduates who are now at college will be home for the Christmas vacation. Since it is only just that we, the undergraduates, should compliment them on their fine work, we have a list of some of our most successful graduates with their accomplishments.

REBECCA GIFFORD has been elected to membership in the Smith College Studio Club. This is a high tribute to her interest and ability in art.

From the College of Business Administration comes the news that VERA VICTOREEN is among the eleven per cent of her class that have been on the honor list for the school year 1932-33 at Boston University.

The Press Board of Wellesley College informs us that NANCY WALKER has also been on the Honor Roll. This distinction signifies that she has maintained an average of B and over during her Freshman year.

Also winning honors at Wellesley is HELEN ENGLAND, who, we hear, is on the Dean's List.

MARGUERITE MILLET, a junior at the University of Vermont, evidently has shown a strong trait of reliability as she has been appointed chairman of her dormitory.

At Worcester Polytechnic Institute, we have three students who have given much promise of going places in their chosen fields. EDWARD F. (Hush) CRONIN in the Civil Engineering Department is a director of the Newman Club, vice president of his class, and is a member of the Friars as well. HARRY F. McRELL, JR., a sophomore in the Chemistry Department, is a member of Theta Chi, the glee club, and won second honors in class work last term. ALAN F. SHEPARDSON in the same class and division as McRell also has his share of glory. He is a member of Phi Gamma Delta, is president of the Camera Club, in which he won the first prize in the club exhibit. He also made second honors last year, and he holds a French scholarship.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, WILBUR FOOTE has been elected captain of the college rifle team.

SIMFON H. DESCHELLES at R. P. I. has been blazing a glowing trail to glory. He has been elected to a membership in Sigma Xi.

WILFRED MILLET, a Senior at the University of Vermont, has been chosen a member of the University's Men's Glee Club.

ARTHUR ZUCKERMAN, at Mass. State College, is a member of the Debating Society for the 1933-34 year.

ALICE GAY has been elected to the programme committee of the French group of the Russell Sage College in Troy, N. Y. Miss Gay is a member of the Senior Class.

ALBERT LUCAS has been elected manager of the Freshman football team at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute where he is a freshman in the Chemical Engineering Department. Mr. Lucas is affiliated with Phi Mu Delta Fraternity.

VIRGINIA GODDARD has been elected president of the freshman class at Tufts College.

WILLIAM GREENWOOD, who was a star debater at P. H. S., continues to win laurels. Representing Bates College, he and his teammate defeated the University of Pennsylvania debaters in a recent contest at Lewiston, Me.

P. H. S. girls who are distinguishing themselves at North Adams State Teachers' College are RITA MEAD and RUTH CARD, who are on the staff of the school paper; and WINIFRED SMITH and ANNA BERTÉ who served on the committee for the Hallowee'en party.

OUR ALUMNI IN SPORTS



TOMMY CURTIN

ond Albie Booth. He undoubtedly is. He wears Booth's sweater with the number 48 on it.

If Tommy Curtin sets out to tackle the world in the same way he sets out to tackle a football team, we feel sure that the whole world will be shouting his name besides just a football stadium full of people.

* * * * *

JOE NILAN, the former Pittsfield High fullback who starred together with Tom Curtin, has played a bangup game for Rutgers this year. Joe is big and fast and we expect to hear much more about him later.

Genial ARCHIE ALLEN, whom we all remember as having exploited the fields of football, baseball and basketball, is now at Springfield College. He played on the freshman football team and the coach has high hopes of our "Archie" developing into first class varsity material next year.

We noticed that BUD HENDERSON is out for the Harvard basketball combine. Here's luck "Bud".

ANDY CORRINETT also has brought honor upon this school for his athletic ability. Andy plays football, baseball and basketball and plays them well. He is at St. Lawrence University.

Once again a P. H. S. alumnus becomes famous. I mean TOMMY CURTIN. He started on the road to fame by being captain of the P. H. S. team, that won the Western Massachusetts Championship. He was appointed quarterback on the All-American football team. When he was graduated in 1931, he was a three-letter man.

Choate acclaimed him as the highest scorer on the school record. During his first three months there his popularity and skill caused the Choate boys to elect him their captain, but he refused.

In 1932 he entered Yale, made the Freshman team, and was predicted by authorities to be a future star. He became a three-letter man once again, going in for basketball and baseball besides football.

At the beginning of the 1933 football season he was appointed quite definitely to the position of quarterback on the Yale varsity squad. From the very first game he aroused excited interest by his spectacular kicks, passes and broken field runs. The way he used his head at the crucial moments, the way he tackled his opponents with determination led people to agree that he was undoubtedly a sec-



IT HAS BEEN a pleasure for this department in reviewing its exchanges this month to come upon so many excellent and clever literary contributions.

The High School Record, from Camden, New Jersey, proves that it has begun the new year with an outstanding issue. We were especially interested in your extensive Book Review section, in which you stated that all books that were reviewed could be readily available for reports in class work.

We can quite correctly term the *Jabberwock* from Girls' Latin School of Boston an excellent magazine, in which the talent of every contributor is interestingly revealed. Your alumnae department is outstanding. So many honor students are a great credit to your school.

Leith Academy Magazine, Edinburgh, Scotland, This month we are pleased to announce that among the many exchanges reviewed, one of the most outstanding is from Leith Academy. From this member of Briton's Empire what is more appropriate than an article on "Tea?" We select this story as our favorite. "Coffee for the American, tea for the Briton." are phrases which truly characterize the peoples of these two nations.

The article on Yellowstone National Park was so near to home that we were thrilled with delight by such a vivid description of the same.

The magazine as a whole pays tribute to the ability of its contributors.

Cambridge Review, Cambridge, Mass., Please congratulate the author of "A National Problem" for us. Such an accurate picture drawn by this student of the various distractions encountered while home work is being prepared, deserves at least the appreciation of his fellow students throughout the country.

Your artistic talent has done its share in making your magazine an attractive one.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following excellent magazines:

The Noddler from East Boston High School, East Boston, Mass.

Interlude from Central Senior High School, South Bend, Indiana.

Bennett Beacon from Bennett High School, Buffalo, New York.

Mildred Klein



THE FAIRY STORY

WELL children here it is the night before christmas and edgar gets nothing but five (5) deficiencies and a good hard slap. edgar santa is not coming to see you this year because you put banana peels in the corridors where the teacher wud slip on them. you are a bad boy edgar and you must be disciplined. you needn't smirk percival for santa isn't going to visit your house either. you won't get anything, but a piece of coal on account of your making a face at edgar. you know santa doesn't like little boys to make faces and stick out tongues.

now aloysius if you will clear the room of these two little snips i will tell you what santa plans to give you. don't tell anyone. you are going to get a rattle.

no maryann you won't get shoe-skates. why the very idea. theyre is a depreshun this year. santa isn't made of money and he can't buy everything at once.

now children i will bid you adieu until next month when you will enjoy another fairy story.

the stewdint's fren, ant mardi

AUNT MARDI'S DIRECTORY OF FAMOUS EDUCATORS

MISS MADELINE E. PFEIFFER

Domain: Room 233

Subject: English

Great accomplishment: Introduced the famous (Grrrrr!) Dalton plan into P. H. S.

Famous saying: (When students come upon such a word as "antidisestablishmentarianism"). Where are the Latin students?

Second ditto: Add that word to your working vocabulary. Try it out on some friends after school and see if you don't make an impression.

Present pastime: (presumably) wishing she hadn't introduced the famous (Grrrrr!) Dalton plan into P. H. S.

MR. GEORGE M. INNIS

Domain: Room 137

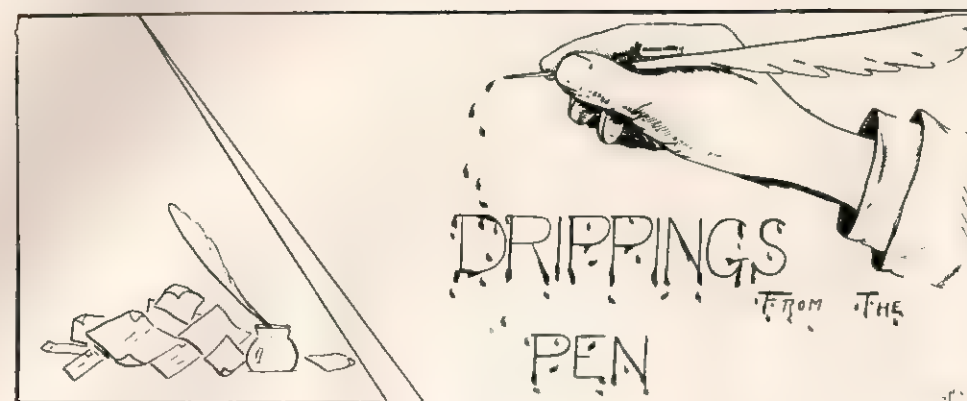
Subject: French

Great accomplishment: Has some sophs in one of his French classes ("Haw poot! Hoy, loy, loy, loy!" Boo!).

Famous saying: This is a tricky one!!! Have you recited yet?

Second ditto: (to embarrassed French student) I don't mean to "pick on you". I'm doing this for the benefit of the class.

Present pastime: Listening to Spencer Dean whenever he gets the chance.



After a general survey, we've come to the conclusion that what this country needs is a good, waterproof piece of toast to put under a poached egg.

* * * *

Was Miss Kaliher surprised when Bruce Burnham asked her if she knew such-and-such a park in Lee!

* * * *

The following menu was discovered in a New York City school by one of our scouts:

Gustatio	
Gructus	
et Pastilli Saki	
Mulsum	
Cena	
Porcus	Corotae Pisae
Heleoselinum	Olivae
Pulmentum ex confectim	
Panis niveus sparsus	
seninibus papaveris	
Mulsum	
MENSA SECUNDA	
Scrbita bacarum cum	
lacte gelideo	
Dulcia	

Wanna buy a duck?

* * * *

The people of a small neighboring town were amazed the other day when their mayor was shot while sitting at dinner in the local Elks' Club. The only logical solution seems to be that he was mistaken for a Moose.

* * * *

A movie star was driving down the main street the other day and when she reached one of the busiest intersections her car stalled. The traffic light turned red, green, red, green, and still the car wouldn't budge. Finally an exasperated policeman came over and stuck his head into the car, and asked very sarcastically, "Whassa matter, lady, haven't we got any colors you like?"

* * * *

Well, sanctuary much for sparing our lives so far. See you next month?

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